UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Borah—and the Presidency

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Letters from China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Sacrifice

By TAMAR POOL

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter II

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1927 NUMBER 4

FORD AND GANDHI

"The chief contrast between Europe and America is not so much one of geography as a fundamental difference between two epochs in the history of mankind, each with its own conception of life. We have the contrast between industrial mass production which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego. From this unusual aspect we perceive certain traits that are common to the psychology of both Europe and the Orient. So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between Ford and Gandhi."

—André Siegfried, in "America Comes of Age."

The eighth meeting of the League of Nations, held this last month, showed the League at its lowest ebb of influence and importance. We don't wonder that Andrè Tardieu lifted up his voice in appeal to America to come and save the situation—as though anything that was transpiring at Geneva could persuade this country to accept what she had definitely rejected for such good and sufficient reasons! If this recent meeting presented anything important or hopeful it was the rebellion of the little countries in the Assembly against the great powers in the Council. There was frank speech upon the part of these little countries, which made plain, among other things, (1) that the great powers are carrying on their business in the old diplomatic way—writing secret treaties, forming ententes and alliances, making bargains and adjustments, and paying no more attention to the League, in the conduct of their own affairs, than if it didn't exist; (2) that these same powers are quick to use the League to coerce some little country in a way which they would not tolerate for themselves for a single moment; (3) that these same powers are not interested in peace, will do nothing for disarmament, are carrying on in the old selfish way to the old tragic end of universal war. What we had at Geneva, thanks to the forthright speaking of the smaller nations, was a picture of the old pre-war Europe, with the League added as a useful weapon in the hands of the great powers for the military domination of the world. All of which confirms what we have believed from the beginning, and what we have repeatedly stated in these columns, that the League of Nations is potent for all things that ought not to be done, and impotent for all things that ought to be done! The root of the difficulty, the cancer at the heart of the covenant, is of course the war system which the League expressly recognizes, and inside and by means of which it undertakes to operate. Dr. J. J. Loudon, a Dutch delegate to the League meeting, stated this fact with perfect clarity when he endorsed Borah's outlawry resolution, and urged that the much discussed Polish resolution be reframed so that not only aggressive wars but "all wars of whatever nature" be condemned.

We were vastly amused by the proceedings which went on in Paris during the meeting of the American Legion last month. Days before the veterans arrived, strange things began to happen—things that had never happened in that city before. Thus, the police began to raid the night clubs and dance resorts of one kind and another. Montmartre suddenly became as quiet and respectable as a New England village on a Sabbath morn. Then the boulevards were swept up not only of dirt but of women. Ladies of the evening who have paraded these boulevards for years were made to disappear by orders that meant business. Then came the vendors of indecent post-cards. On the eve of the convention, reported the New York *World,* these peddlers of filth came swarming into the city like a horde of locusts. They evidently knew their customers from afar, or from yore! But these also had to retreat before the advances of the police. Paris, in other words, by Herculean labors upon the part of the authorities, was transformed into Spotless Town. All because the American Legion was on the way! To us these curious facts have a curious significance. We recall a peace convention which met in Paris on a certain occasion, but don't recall that it was thought advisable or necessary by the city fathers to close dens of vice. We have in mind a church conference which assembled there some years ago, but cannot remember that the police had to worry any about street-women, or watch vendors of post-cards. But the American Legion is evidently different! The Parisians were not to be caught napping—they knew the kind of gang they had on their hands, and took precautions accordingly. They had probably heard, among other things, of the Legion conventions in America, and the kind of rowdies that attended. It is to the credit of the nation, be it said, that only a little over half of the number of men expected and desired for this expedition were mobilized. In spite of publicity, boosting, special rates, and deliberate newspaper deceptions, only 18,000 men out of a total of 30,000 were assembled. Respectable men are in the

vast majority in the Legion, as in all other American organizations, and they know what to stay away from.

They had an air-carnival in England the other day. Under the auspices of the Air Ministry, an exhibition was given of what English flyers are proposing to do in war. At Hendon, in the aerodrome, a town had been built for the exhibition. What happened, or was expected to happen, is seen in the following official announcement of the Air Ministry:

It is a barbarian city that is to play a central part in the chief spectacular event at the R. A. F. display at Hendon.

A small community of European missionaries and traders have long been established in this eastern town peacefully pursuing their activities. A church has recently been completed. A wave of unrest is sweeping the country, and patrolling aircraft from concentrated air forces are searching the countryside on the look-out for signs of violence by the native population against isolated European communities.

The time is dawn. The Europeans in this town have been isolated in an old mud fort and their distress signals are observed by one of the air patrol. The pilot calls for assistance by radio-telephony. (This call will be broadcast on the ground by loud speakers.)

Meanwhile the Europeans, who are in serious danger, manage to break out of the fort and succeed in crossing under heavy hostile fire a bridge over the river beside the town, the women and children fleeing across open country protected by a rearguard of men.

At this stage No. 12 Squadron with Fairey Fox high-speed day bombers arrive and attack the town with bombs and pursue the natives with machine-gun fire. These attacks are carried out by flight after flight until the town, except the church, is in ruins and the bridge is destroyed.

Simultaneously aeroplanes of the two London defence squadrons, Auxiliary Air Force, arrive and drop food, water and ammunition by parachute to the European refugees.

Shortly afterwards a relief force arrives in two Vickers Victoria troop carriers which land and deplane reinforcements, including machine-guns and light howitzers. This force attacks the enemy on the ground while the Vickers Victorias emplane the women and children and convey them to safety.

When the episode concludes the town is still burning in the distance.

We join with the London *Daily Herald* in amazement at this spectacle. The town, it will be noted, is "a barbarian city"—in India, probably, or perhaps in Egypt. European missionaries are living there—to tell the natives, undoubtedly, of the blessings of civilization and the tender mercies of Christians and Christianity. "A wave of unrest is sweeping the country"—from Moscow, of course. When trouble comes, the Europeans escape, but under attack after attack by the English flying-men, the town is reduced to ashes. "When the episode concludes," says the announcement, impressively, "the town is still burning in the distance." What has happened to the townspeople, the natives, is not said. Their homes, their places of business, their sacred altars are destroyed. The people are presumably wiped out with them—all except the women and children, who are conveyed to safety while their husbands and fathers are being butchered! That is an ineffably beautiful touch. Almost as beautiful as the perfectly exquisite arrangement that the mission church shall not be destroyed, or even damaged! Like the boy upon the burning deck, there it stands unhurt. Flying men, *English* flying men, are so careful of such things! This spectacle must surely have been a great sight, and a lovely demonstration indeed of the beneficence of English rule.

The Mayor of New York is a clever young man. He is a charming talker. He is a dapper dresser. He has a glitter of personality quite to set him apart in any group where he foregathers. He has made a hit with all classes during his triumphal swing through Europe. His sense of humor is believed to be one of his shining marks; he rarely lacks for a piquant remark in any situation. But there is at least one screw loose. Perhaps he has been betrayed into believing that he can make people laugh most by making a ludicrous jest of himself. His balance is so faulty that he still thinks that Prohibition is a joke. As the chief executive of her greatest city he has solemnly taken oath that he will uphold and enforce the laws of the land which has made him, and which now highly honors him. Yet he has lost no opportunity to scoff at one of the binding laws of his land. He has violated its provisions in his personal conduct throughout his journeyings abroad. It is inevitable that his fellow-citizens shall conclude that an appetite so avidious has been persistently cultivated, and could have been cultivated only by the persistent violation of the laws he has assumed peculiar obligation to uphold and enforce. At banquets in all of the principal cities he has visited he has conspicuously, not to say greedily, partaken of the liquors served to him. He has exulted in the array of wine-glasses at his plate. He has apparently tested every variety of vintage within his reach. In Paris he delivered what for him was a remarkably serious lecture to a large gathering of his American compatriots. He took severely to task those Americans abroad who belie their American citizenship. He charged them to uphold American ideals and the American Constitution without evasion or apology. Then, evidently grown suddenly conscious of his own flagrant inconsistency, he relapsed into his habitual jocular mood and expressly excepted the 18th Amendment. That portion of the Constitution all good Americans are to unite in repealing. In the meantime, his practice indicates that they are flagrantly to violate it at every opportunity. If he has half the sagacity with which he is credited he must know that there is about as much chance for its repeal as there is for the reversal of the current of the noble river which pours into the harbor of his home city. The next time America sends a humorist abroad, somebody should tighten the screws before he is released. This kind of a humorist rattles. A funny-man who is his own best joke himself usually mistakes the point of the jest he makes.

The advertising man has come to the rescue of religious journalism. He will convert it into an advertising medium. He is right. Singly and severally the

circulation of the church or denominational organs is insignificant from the national advertiser's point of view. But collectively their lists, it is confidently believed, will hit him square in the eye, or at least make him sit up and take notice. So, collected they have been. The church papers have been enterprisingly linked in a chain. What the graces of religious brotherhood and the essential doctrines of the Christian religion have conspicuously failed to accomplish has now been triumphantly achieved by the advertising man, under the mighty motive of the dollar. The corpulent advertising budgets of the big corporations should be serving the cause of religion. This scheme taps them. The national advertiser need sign but one contract and later write but one check, and hundreds of thousands, yes, millions, of confiding church people open their homes to his seductions through the columns of their trusted church papers. It is a great scheme. We shall bet on this method of church union as against conventions for the re-writing of church creeds. The advertising man has the theologian licked before either takes off his coat. In sheer ability to put the bazook across, to carry home the bacon, to deliver the goods, to turn any little trick of that sort, the advertising man can make the average preacher look like thirty cents. (We shall except John Roach Straton, of course; but he wishes to be understood as exceptional under all conditions.) UNITY knows just how stiff a proposition the editors of these church papers are up against, and feels the profoundest sympathy with their zeal to wriggle out from under the financial load. Whether this is the way, we still entertain grave doubts. But we look on with keen interest. We look for the columns of grave contemporaries to blossom with rubber tires and beef extract and shaving soap and dental cream of every hue and odor. Verily we shall see what we shall see.

UNITY would pay tribute, not too belated, we trust, to the late Wayne B. Wheeler. Friends and enemies have united in declaring that without him national Prohibition would not have been—*yet!* Prohibition, of course, was bound to come. But it is probable that Mr. Wheeler's resourcefulness in the strategic position he occupied in the Anti-Saloon League hastened the enactment of the 18th Amendment. Whether another in his place at the time might have performed the same part is an idle speculation. History will accord him an honorable place because he was there and was equal to the task. Mr. Wheeler emerged into a world which politics controlled. He learned the game, and all its varied and devious tricks. He played them. He never betrayed his high purpose. He never harbored the politician's prevailing motive. But at the end, few or no politicians could teach him more masterful tricks in the game. Hanna made the mistake of despising him and his powers. Mr. Hanna learned better after Wheeler had given him and his group in Ohio a sound licking. He did not join the issue again. Many others less masterful than Mark Hanna repented underestimating Wayne B. Wheeler's political resourcefulness. Long before him, Prohibition had become a political issue. It had to be. Mr. Wheeler's and his associates' achievement in the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act has done the utmost possible on their side to take the issue out of politics. So long as anti-Prohibition forces choose to keep it in politics it will stay there. The forces for Prohibition will not yield the principle for which they have successfully contended. The future is all with them. The soul of Wayne B. Wheeler will go marching on. Those of the older generation who scout the Prohibition law may stampede a considerable element of the oncoming generation into participation in their lawlessness, for a time, but they cannot do it always; the signs multiply that they will not do it long. A self-respecting new generation will not wish to live permanently in an atmosphere of duplicity. Mr. Wheeler's cause is safe, though he is in his grave.

Borah—and the Presidency

As we survey the presidential possibilities in the Republican party today, we see one or two men not unworthy of the office. Mr. Hoover, for example! But if the electoral system laid down in the Constitution were working today as intended by the writers of that document for the selection of the statesman best qualified by intellect and character for the highest office in the land, we see one man who would be almost unanimously chosen on such a basis of judgment. We refer to the great Senator from Idaho, Hon. William E. Borah.

Mr. Borah is the ablest man in public life in this country at this moment. More than any other senator, he preserves and animates in that body the great tradition of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner and Hoar. More than any other leader anywhere, he holds the attention and respect of men. He is our one statesman of world-wide influence and fame.

Borah's power is rooted fundamentally in his intellect which, like his oratorical gift, is of Websterian proportions. Linked with this is character such as Webster never had—an integrity, courage, vision, and sheer fidelity which make him an almost transcendent figure among the paltry politicians of our day. Borah's spirit is liberal, almost radical, despite his unbroken if never enthusiastic allegiance to the Republican party. He is capable of the noblest type of public service, as witness his epoch-making fight against the League of Nations

Covenant and the Versailles Treaty, and, more recently, his remoulding of the administration's Mexican policy, which undoubtedly kept the nation out of a shameful war. He is not afraid to take the lead in a purely idealistic public cause, as witness his espousal of the Outlawry of War, which promises at this moment to make him immortal as the supreme peace-statesman of his time. Borah is conscience and vision at work always for the public good.

Borah's personal qualities as a man and as a statesman are matched by his political advantages as a candidate. He is the one leader in America today who can lift the Prohibition question in the next campaign to the level where it belongs as an issue of the preservation or the nullification of the Constitution, and therewith rally millions of "dry" voters, north, south, east and west, to his lofty banner. He is the natural heir of the more than five million votes which were cast for Senator LaFollette in the campaign of 1924. The farmers, supporting Lowden in lieu of any other candidate, are Borah's for the asking. More than any other Republican in sight, he could win a large proportion of labor to his side. Lovers of peace, who number millions, among women especially, would rise up and call him blessed. Here is the man who should succeed Coolidge. Yet he is not among the men most prominently mentioned. We are wondering why!

Borah's own great qualities of intellect and spirit, of course, work against him. With few exceptions in American history, and these largely accidental, it has been the second, third and even fourth rate man, not the first rate, who has found it easy to reach the presidential chair.

Then, political managers are opposed to Borah. Or, if not actually opposed, they are indifferent. Wall Street, first partner to the politicians, is dead against him—an all-sufficient explanation of the silence of the newspapers. Neither political manipulators nor financial profiteers have any use for Borah. He has never played their game. In his political career he has ridden not with cavalcades of politicians and bankers, but alone. Such a man is not wanted in the seats of power.

It is doubtful, however, if facts of this kind are adequate to explain Borah's present position as a presidential possibility. We wonder if the Idaho Senator is not himself in some measure responsible for his plight. Why does he not speak, as no other man can speak, to the conscience of the Republic? Why does he not call, as no other man can call, to the millions in this country who are watching and waiting for a new leader to summon them to action? Such a man as Borah, in such an hour as this present, has only to declare himself, to have an aroused and mighty people at his back. Like Roderick Dhu,

> One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men.

Let that horn be sounded, and here, as in the Highlands of the poet, fighting men would rise up on every side to do the bidding of their commander. Yet the Senator says nothing!

Presidential nominations are not presented any more like Legion of Honor medals. They are fought for today, like athletic championships and victories for righteous causes. The man who would win must lead. We who would follow can do nothing till a summons is given. At this moment a score of primary states are ready to cry "Borah!" and again "Borah!" if he will but mount his steed and raise his standard. Is it possible that the Senator will miss this golden opportunity—evade for any reason, however superficially valid, this stern and glorious duty?

What we see in Borah is a great man who would make a great president. But more than this, we see a man who, by his single presence in the field, would lift the whole political life of this nation to a level reached only once or twice in its history. As in the days of the anti-slavery fight, the Republican party would again be the party of moral ideals. William E. Borah, like Abraham Lincoln, would make the Republic once more the shining symbol of democracy. Free men would breathe a freer atmosphere, and great deeds be not unknown.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

Many of UNITY's readers seem to be under the impression that Mr. Holmes writes all of the editorial paragraphs which head each issue of the paper. This impression is incorrect. Mr. Holmes writes some editorial paragraphs in all issues, all editorial paragraphs in some issues, but *not* all editorial paragraphs in all issues.

The abandonment of the round-the-world flight marked the end of the 1927 flying season. After all that has been and can be said about recklessness, bravado, publicity hunting and the rest, we feel proud of the human spirit that such a record, however tragic, has been written. So long as man dares, we shall remain an optimist.

President Coolidge's appointment of Judge Cardozo as one of the judges of the Hague tribunal did honor, undiminished by the latter's declination, to both the men concerned. Cardozo is one of our greatest American jurists. We only wish there were something for such a man to do at the Hague.

George Macauley Trevelyan, in his "History of England," compares England's participation in the Great War with Elizabeth's war against Philip II,

Anne's war against Louis XIX and George III's war against Napoleon. "On each of these four occasions," he writes, "England had a double end in view—the Balance of Power in Europe, and the security of her own mercantile and colonial future." There you have it! No talk about civilization, democracy, Belgian neutrality and the rest of the bunk of 1914. England went into the Great War to serve her own selfish, imperial interests—just as we have always said!

We have always believed the policy of Protection to be a joke, when it was not a crime. The joke is now on the American protected interests for fair, in their excited protest against the new high tariff in France. By what right do these interests protest? And what do they expect the rest of us to do but to give them the merry ha-ha-ha, as we see them gloriously hoisted with their own petard? We might think that these merchants would be good sports enough to keep quiet, did we not know that, had they been sports at all, they never would have passed our own American tariff.

Briand, we are told, has an ambition to be the Richelieu of contemporary Europe. We hope this is not true, for we have always thought highly of Briand, a better, if not a greater, man than the famous cardinal.

J. H. H.

Letters from China

Interviews with Two "Y" Secretaries*

I had a couple of very interesting talks today, not with Chinese but with Christian Americans, the head of the Navy Y. M. C. A. and the assistant head of the city Y. M. C. A. (for Chinese). Nelson Poe of the Navy Y. M. C. A. began by telling me all the fine work his organization was doing; he ended by predicting that they would ultimately leave the Yangtze, and by also saying: "If American mothers knew what their boys were up against over here, they would raise a howl that would rouse Congress." He said that I could quote him as much as I liked.

First it may surprise you to know that we should have a Navy Y way up here in Hankow, 600 miles from the sea. We have had it for several years, because for many years there has been an American navy here! Hankow has been the base port for ships of the American navy cruising even 800 miles further inland, clear up to Chunking. Since our sea-going vessels could not go to Chunking in winter low water, we have built, and still are building today, in Chinese ports, special shallow draft navy boats for service on the Yangtze only. We will never use them anywhere else, as they could not go to sea. Yet they are boats of the American Navy for the exclusive purpose of carrying our guns into interior China.

Last May when all the boats were coming down from Chunking, we had 17 American naval vessels in Hankow harbor during the month, and a daily average of 1,200 American sailor boys "for the Navy Y to serve!" Now we have only 900. However, the British, French and Italians also use our Navy Y. The Japanese don't. The Chinese civilian population want to use it, especially the returned students, who like its ice-creams, teas, doughnuts, etc. But the Chinese aren't permitted. "It's my chief bugbear," said Nelson Poe. "If I let them in they overrun us, because they like us so much! Personally, I would be for it, but our place is small, and the American sailor boys object. So we shut out the Chinese, and I get vile notes from them about my imperialism."

Mr. Poe outlined the troubles of the American sailor boy abroad.

There is nothing whatever in these ports for the average American boy but wine, women and song. It's a sin and shame that our government sends out seventeen-year-old kids. They are wrecked forever inside a month. I know that the doctors' reports are recommending not to send such youngsters, and doctors aren't sentimental, merely cold-blooded wise about disease. The navy doesn't dare publish the doctors' records.

We do whatever we can. But they get tired of the Y. We have no gymnasium. We used to rent the use of the gymnasium in the Chinese Y. M. C. A. for certain nights, but the Admiral has declared that Y. M. C. A. "out of bounds" for American sailors. It is only four blocks from the river front, but it is on the edge of the Chinese city and full always of Chinese, some of whom are very "nationalistic." He fears "incidents." The houses of wine, women and song, they are not back in the Chinese city; they are right in the British and other concessions. They are not "nationalist"; they are just full of past masters in the art of cheering up lonely ignorant boys—for a profit.

The Navy Y, according to Mr. Poe, has been a personal service station for all American sailors up-river. It has supplied canteen goods to the ships. An officer writes down: "Send me up a dress collar." "Up at Chunking if a boy can't get an American brand of tooth-paste or cigarettes, he gets up in the morning grouchy. This affects morale," says Nelson Poe.

Morale! The right brand of cigarettes and tooth-paste! I thought of the morale of the Fourth Army of Cantonese, the Iron Army that has formed the spear-head of the drive north, whose soldiers I have seen without stockings or leggings, with flat woven pieces of straw bound as sandals to their feet, herded in box cars and flat cars under the broiling sun, without change of clothing, without modern munitions, without training in fighting in large units in open country, yet driving headlong into the British tanks and French airplanes and heavy artillery of the northern army, capturing the ammunition, capturing half of the soldiers, losing their own men up to 14,000.

I thought of the morale of Feng's men, retreating in worn-out summer clothing through the bitter winter of the Mongolian deserts, hungry, thirsty, sleeping on the bare ice, without enough munitions; and then swinging to the far northwest and south again according to plan, drilling, increasing discipline and gathering peasant recruits as they went, forcing food from the peasants when they had to, and then turning 5,000 cavalry horses over to help the spring ploughing in Shensi, coming east at last, reorganized and full of energy, to capture most of the munitions they needed

*Since leaving for the Desert no word has been received from Dr. Strong. In lieu of regular letter we print one omitted from an early issue for lack of space.

from the enemy. It was one of the great armed marches of history!

I've not a word against the Navy Y—I'm all for it. I like its good ice-cream! Wherever our sailor boys have to go, if it can save a few decent youngsters out of the hell of these waterfronts, it is worth everything it costs. But we Americans didn't need the right brand of cigarettes and tooth-paste, either, when we had something decent to fight for at Valley Forge.

Nelson Poe doesn't think the Navy Y is long for Hankow.

We bought the finest corner on the Bund (he said), for $65,000 gold. We had blue prints drawn to build a great building. (An indication of what the American Navy expected of the Yangtze.) Then the trouble came, and naturally our New York board stopped it. Now I don't suppose we'll ever build. I was in Constantinople when the same thing happened. We had a six-story building, with twelve American workers and 80 servants, serving 24 Navy ships in the port there. Kemal Pasha said: "Capitulations must go" and the world laughed at him. But capitulations went, and the navy went with them. The same thing will happen here. When you train these folks in the best universities of America and the world, you don't expect them to come back and be your coolies. Naturally they want to run things. I tell folks this and they call me a Bolshevik.

Thus—Nelson Poe.

The assistant secretary of the city Y. M. C. A., working among Chinese, tells me how he and others fled from their work in Nanchang.

As long as we stayed there (he said) no one injured us. Just before the city was taken by the southerners, two Red Cross men strayed by mistake behind the southern lines. They were taken prisoners and kept for three or four days until the battle started. Then they were set free; all the time they were well treated, merely detained to prevent giving information.

The southerners were harder on us than the northerners had been. They occupied foreign houses in emergency, as well as Chinese house. But they were so much better to the Chinese that we were glad they had come; the northerners were scrupulous about foreign property but abused the Chinese terribly; the southerners treated us all alike. No rough stuff, just military necessity, and rough on furniture.

Some missionaries had left but our work was going ahead and we had just moved into a fine new house. Then one morning at 6:00 A. M. an old missionary just back from Kiukiang pounded at the door. At Kiukiang port the American gun-boat captain sent for him and said: "American gun-boats are bombarding Nanking. One hundred Americans massacred. This means war. We are going to blow Nanking off the map at 11:00 A. M. tomorrow morning. Tell everyone to evacuate quick."

Naturally, after this from an American navy officer, what could we do? The missionary caught a freight car and rode all night to rouse us, and we left town at two hours' notice to be out of the way before news should come that war was starting at Nanking. . . We could not tell even our closest Chinese friends, who were begging us to stay and could not understand our terrible haste in going. All the missionaries left, 25 of us. Only some Germans stayed and a fiery old Scotch nurse, not a missionary, and the American postmaster who lived all his life in China and adopted a Chinese son.

After we left there was looting. The fellows that broke into my house were students who had been fired from the Y. M. C. A. some years before. Just personal malice—so was most of the looting, when it wasn't personal need. One of our Y. M. C. A. men went down later to investigate conditions and found these boys camping out in our house, eating grub from our store-room. He asked what had happened to my $300 graflex camera, and they told him they "had taken it home for fear it might be stolen." They brought it back. Recently they showed up in Hankow and returned a violin—the idea being to pose as friends rather than looters!

Our Y. M. C. A. building—the roof was just on and the furniture in, not even painted yet, and never used, when the soldiers moved into it. Now it's a wreck. They sold the furniture.

If this tale is at all typical (and I have heard others like it), then the wild war feeling of the American gunboat captains was responsible, not for saving American property but for destroying it. Would any army on earth, would our own army, take pains to guard the empty property of men who fled at a time when their countrymen were bombarding the land? What did we do with German property when the German armies were thousands of miles away, and when we had no emergent need of it as the Chinese had of buildings?

There are some bright spots. When the Second Army marched into Wuchang and occupied the campus of Boone University and St. Hildas (34 acres of good, clean ground to camp on, with lots of good empty beds for officers), Bishop Roots went to Eugene Chen, Foreign Minister of the Nationalist Government, to protest. Within thirty hours the troops were out, by order of the Military Council secured by the Foreign Office. Eugene Chen tells me he has to do this sort of thing every little while. The Military Council has issued an order against occupying any foreign premises without permission of the owners. This works in places under the eye of the central government; it doesn't work down in the country, at least not immediately. The spacious, comfortable empty missionary premises are too tempting to men arriving tired, perhaps sick and wounded, from fighting for their country.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Hankow, June 17.

To Buddha, on His Birthday

The world, seized by the fury of carnage,
Writhes in the ceaseless grip of conflicts.
Crooked are its ways, tangled its coils of bondage,
Wearily waits the earth for a new birth of thine;
Save her, Great Heart, utter thy eternal words,
Let blossom love's lotus with its honey inexhaustible.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

Thou great Giver of Self,
Initiate us in the penance of sacrifice,
Take, Divine Beggar, our pride for thine alms.
Soothe the sorrowing worlds, scatter the mist of unreason,
Light up Truth's sunrise;
Let life become fulfilled, the sightless find his vision.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

Man's heart is in anguish with the fever of unrest,
With the poison of self-seeking,
With a thirst that knows no end.
Countries, far and wide, flaunt on their foreheads
The blood-red mark of hatred.
Touch them with thy right hand,
Make them one in spirit,
Bring harmony into their life,
Bring rhythm of beauty.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Oriental Press.

Sacrifice

A Conquered Phase of the Blood Lust.

[In a personal letter on the Outlawry of War, the author of this article wrote: "If we are to seek parallels (to Outlawry), I can think of one single conquest, practically a definite conquest, of a primitive and barbarous impulse. We find it in the Bible. As far as we are concerned, it seems to have been dealt with in a strange, perhaps undignified, manner. But it was effective. The elimination of idolatry and the curbing of the sacrificial blood-lust were brought about, not by simple prohibition and outlawry, but by a minute, comprehensive and adequate body of positive legislation that restricted every aspect of sacrificial wantonness and drove it into a rigidity out of which it could not revive." This was a suggestive statement, which we wanted to see expanded into fuller details of information. We therefore asked for this article, which is herewith presented to our readers.—Editor.]

I do not know whether the institution of ancient sacrifice has been considered for its suggestive analogies to the problem of the outlawry of war. Anthropologists no doubt find much in common between these two different expressions of man's primitive blood-lust. But for the sociologist, too, material is available which should yield fruitful results. That material is to be found in the Bible.

In this relatively highly documented record we can follow the evolution of sacrifice as an established institution. For those who doubt the reality of moral progress, we can trace a completed cycle of moral development. We can analyze the subtle but effective system which restricted, controlled, guided, sublimated and finally eradicated the practice of ritual blood sacrifice.

What was that system? How was it evolved? How was it able to encounter and rout an hereditary impulse of man, deep-rooted in his most primitive, almost prehistoric nature? How did that system meet the challenge of a practice not condemned or despised, but associated with man's highest spiritual impulse—the worship of God. To estimate the importance of sacrifice in ancient religion we need only remember what gallant service in war means in modern patriotism.

To Abraham, already exalted as the father of monotheism, belongs the glory of one of the greatest triumphs in man's moral history—the substitution of animal for human sacrifice. There is in the Bible no more moving chapter than the twenty-second of Genesis. In all its haunting appeal, it is still read today in earnestness and actuality almost, in the daily liturgy of the synagogue. However simply told, the story of that first step of liberation from the ritual of bloody sacrifice recounts nothing less than a momentous revolution. From the very beginning of their history as a people, human sacrifice becomes a cardinal sin among the children of Abraham. The scattered individual defections that persisted for centuries were denounced with horror by the religious leaders of Israel, and this at a time when among the other peoples of Canaan human beings swelled in glory the holocausts of their gods. Foundation stones of Canaanitish homes and Canaanite high places unearthed today show collections of little bones where now the poppies grow redder than in the fields of Flanders.

This substitution of animal for human sacrifice was one of the main-springs of Jewish moral development. The triumph of Abraham set an indelible seal on the history of Israel. It led logically and directly to the ultimate substitution of prayer for sacrifice.

The other two patriarchs, Isaac and Jacob, according to the account of Genesis, seem remarkably uninterested in sacrifice. There is but one sacrifice of Jacob's mentioned, when "he called his brethren to eat bread, and they did eat bread . . ." This is certainly no indication of a bloody riot. In the case of Isaac, that great man of peace, we find not a single sacrifice reported. While we need not, therefore, conclude that the patriarch had any modern aversion to sacrifice, we may well believe that the Hebrew patriarchs were to a large measure free of the glorious, joyful and praiseworthy passion of spilling oblations of blood to the Deity they worshipped.

We cannot believe the same thing of the nation born of their seed. Indeed, we can affirm quite freely that Israel, far from being composed exclusively of patriarchs, seers, or saints, was a lusty, sinful, primitive people, who loved to worship their God and atone for their transgressions with blood-streaming offerings. Alongside of those men who were consumed with a mighty, irresistible spiritual impulse, there were many who exulted in slaughtering beasts upon the high places, and some there were who even walked in the valley of the shadow of Moloch. The blood-lust of sacrifice dominated the heart of Israel as surely as it gripped the tribes and the nations of all the earth. The task of Hebrew legislators, priests and prophets was to destroy that lust. Had they failed, we should still be carrying to our God children and lambkins with the same blind enthusiasm with which we send our sons to war. *"Mon fils unique est mort pour la patrie."*

The patriachs laid the foundation and established the direction; it was the legislators and teachers of Israel who conceived a system and evolved a code that led to the ultimate abolition of bloody sacrifice. While seemingly complex, bewildering and overladen, the Levitical laws had a direct and unerring and consistent quality, when viewed retrogressively in the moral history of man. These laws, in many and varied ways, helped in the purification of the religion of Israel. They have been much underrated. Alongside of the positive contributions of monotheism and moral law which have overshadowed all else the Jews have done, it is well to remember a negative contribution—the liberation of man from the blood-lust of sacrifice.

In the structure of the sacrificial code, the outstanding feature is the concentration of the offering ritual in the Temple at Jerusalem. Sacrifices could be offered wherever one chose in patriarchal days. But already in Exodus the Shekinah is centered on the Tabernacle:

> And there I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory."

Leviticus takes it for granted that all offerings shall be brought to the Tabernacle. It gives no sanctifying mention to sacrifice in any other place. But it is in Deuteronomy that we find the final, emphatic establishment of one only and sole legitimate place of sacrifice:

Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place that thou seest. But in the place which the Lord shall choose in one of thy tribes, there shalt thou offer thy burnt offerings.

Through this centralization the bloody orgies that defiled Canaan "upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree" gradually died out. Only in Jerusalem, the Holy City, the holocaust burned on.

This rigid restriction of locale was neither a sudden nor an easy achievement. The impulse to blood offering was a passionate one and held all men in thrall, from king to shepherd. It was not readily confined within bounds. Only an increasing and compensating sanctification of the Temple ceremonial rendered Jerusalem acceptable and set it up in the end, indisputably, as the Holy City of God, beautiful and cherished above the chiefest joys of man. Three times a year, at Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles, the roads to Jerusalem saw lengthening processions of pilgrims bearing their offerings to the Temple. A powerful exultation accompanied the cortege. We can see its reflections in the Songs of Degrees of the Book of Psalms.

Sacrificing to only one God ("He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the Lord only, shall be utterly destroyed.") in only one place, Jerusalem, in only one sanctuary, the Temple, must have given to these occasions the concentrated warmth of prolonged carnal repression. Yet a startling purity and holiness marked every detail of the sacrifice ritual. The Book of Psalms, the hymn book of the Second Temple, bears abundant witness to these qualities. It is a miracle, truly beyond comprehension, that the Temple service did not altogether degenerate into a horrible spectacle of bloody wantonness.

Against such possible excesses every avenue was closed. Blood-eating is seven times outlawed in the Pentateuch. "Whatsoever soul it be that eateth any manner of blood, even that soul shall be cut off from his people." This cardinal prohibition affected the quality and the very nature of sacrifice by eliminating bloodthirstiness as a motive for animal slaughter. Moreover, the priest alone was permitted to pour out the oblation of blood. The offering had to be brought to the Temple by the worshipper in person and not by any proxy. It had to be consumed at a public communion.

More and more the sacrifice tended to become a ritual identified with the slaughtering of animals for food, and less and less with mere pleasurable bloodlust. Only clean beasts of the flocks and herds, young and perfect, turtle doves and tender pigeons were ritually acceptable. No lame, maimed, useless, exhausted animal ready to die, that anyone would be glad to spare for a joyful blood-feast, could be brought to the Temple door, as is done today with the hundreds of superannuated horses that are saved for the fuel of the Spanish bull-ring. I have heard it said in Spain that if the thirty-odd horses which are butchered at a bull-fight had to be young, strong, useful horses, it would greatly help to put an end to that form of bloodshed. The offering at the Temple had to be chosen of the best and tenderest of the shepherd's flocks, a true sacrifice in our own sense of the word.

Moreover, all offerings, except the sin offering, were voluntary. "If any man of you bring an offering" . . . but "if a soul shall sin . . . then let him bring for his sin . . . a young bullock . . ." It is not easy to judge whether this subtle distinction and gentle aspersion had any deterring effect on the number of sacrifices, but it may well have exerted a suggestive influence in the long run.

To the young bullocks, lambs, kids, etc., however, we must assign great virtue. They are dear to the shepherd's heart. I recall the refrain of an old French folk song in which a farmer mourns his cow. *"J'aime Jeanne, ma femme,"* but the cow's death was a greater bereavement to him. That is not a music-hall invention, but a description of a very real peasant emotion. Among the Hebrews, in a difficult pastoral land where shepherd and flock alike share the hardships of life, the relation of the shepherd to his flock was a peculiarly emotional and sentimental one, not only in the imaginative poetry of the psalmist, but also in the daily life of which such poetry was a reflection. How exquisitely tender this relation we see in Nathan's parable of the poor man who "had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his cup." What lengthy moral discourses could have moved the king, as did the picture of a poor man's losing his little ewe lamb? With such sanctity was the life of the offering invested that to this day when animals are killed for food, the Jewish law requires that they be slaughtered with the humane safeguards of a highly complicated ritual ceremonial by a ritually qualified person.

When the great cataclysm, the destruction of the Temple, came, it found the people prepared for prayer-worship. Indeed, long before the victory of Titus, synagogues in which the only offering was that of the heart had become popular throughout the land. Poetic reminders of the blood ritual of bygone days were carried into their liturgy. They are but testimonials to the great moral conquest over a blood-lust. Indeed, the residium of the ceremonial of sacrifice is still with us. Both in the Jewish and the Christian religion there are links to the ancient sacrificial worship. But these have been cleaned of blood. Among the Jews, prayer took the place of sacrifice, and Christianity has interpreted the Passion of Jesus as the symbolic sacrifice for all time.

I refrain from considering a Jewish practice which may well be linked by anthropologists with sacrifice, because it has been dissociated from sacrifice in the religion of Israel. I cannot find convincing evidence in the Bible of such a relationship between the two, as might have influenced the history of sacrifice. The rite of circumcision does, indeed, seem to be at first in Genesis a suggested substitute for child or human sacrifice. It may have been the prime revelation that spared Ishmael's life, but we see from the subsequent attempted sacrifice of Isaac that it was not accepted as a permanent substitute offering such as the lamb was for the child Isaac. Subsequently, it seems to have vanished from the horizon of sacrifice. Its survival into modern Judaism as a primary and fundamental hygienic and historical religious custom may be due to its very dissociation from sacrifice. The whole subject, however, is far more complicated and obscure than the clear-cut system of sacrifice with which it has tangential contacts.

It is almost needless to repeat that the liberation from the sacrificial blood-lust did not follow a simple and uninterrupted course. The Bible is a long jeremiad

of defection, retrogression, and agonized longing for redemption. There was no royal road to God. But a road there was. Out of the lion came forth sweetness. Centuries of effort to establish a purified, sanctified, passionless sacrificial ritual, laid deep foundations for prophetic Judaism. In the place of the old primitive passion, a new concept, no less passionate, was called into being.

> Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? . . .
> Shall I come before Him with burnt offering,
> With choice calves of a year old? . . .
> Shall I give my first-born for my transgression,
> The fruit of my body to expiate the sin of my soul?
>
> The Lord hath showed thee, O man, what is good,
> And what He doth require of thee—
> To execute justice, and to love mercy
> And to walk humbly with thy God.

This sketch has summarized briefly the evolution of sacrifice in the Old Testament. The writer feels that she has but skimmed the surface of a thought-provocative study, one chapter of which should involve a fascinating excursion into Talmudic and Rabbinic lore. A more searching analysis of the sacrificial blood-lust and its evolution, would shed more light on the baffling problem which confronts mankind today—the conquest of the blood-lust of war.

Transpositions cannot always be effected from one moral experiment to another. Yet, granting the greater complexity and difficulties of the war problem, the vast changes in the organization of life, and the differences between national and international sanctions, the study of the Biblical sacrificial laws can still be abundantly fruitful.

Certain positive values stand out. A blood-lust has been conquered—not quickly, easily, or uniformly, but surely and definitely.

It was met with a comprehensive complex methodology and not with a fiat, such as it was thought would suffice to establish Prohibition, for example. It is astonishing that, when plans for material constructions are subject to the minutest specifications; education to a lengthy and laborious process; art to an exhaustive application, moral concepts should be expected to establish themselves automatically. On the contrary, moral progress, the most difficult of all, adjusted to the weakest aspect of human nature, demands a highly elaborate apparatus, to meet every element involved in the struggle. That is how Hebrew legalism dealt with the sacrificial blood-lust.

The popular acceptance and success of Hebraic legalism was not due to any special virtues of the Hebrews,—for the Bible tells us very plainly the truth about that—nor to a harsh coercive system, for we know that Hebrew laws were most rigidly obeyed in the exile, in the absence of all police force. But the Hebrews were fertile soil for the specific genius of the moral leaders of Judæa, and it is to that genius that success is due.

Recognizing folk antagonism as the most deadly foe to moral progress, these leaders sought moral progress through the channels of folk-cooperation. They sought to reach a high immaculate aim through methods understandable to the shepherds and tillers of Palestine. Whatever methods the human mind might contrariwise have conceived, would be interesting only as a philosophic abstraction. But Hebraism would have no concern with them, for they could engender no moral progress. That is a very old pragmatism.

The most baffling aspect of sacrifice was its alliance with religion—truly a marriage of Beauty and the Beast. The Hebrew sacrificial code was extraordinarily attuned to that duality. A delicate adjustment, that seems more natural in machine design, than in law and education, responds to the antipodal relation of the two elements involved—blood-lust and spiritual longing. The whole code is a balanced blending of outlawry and sublimation—outlawry of blood-thirst and sublimation of divine worship. But the two went together, always. There was no organic division to confuse the folk mind and arouse its antagonism. The fable serves us well. Beauty and the Beast. Beauty transforms the Beast. Sacrifice and religion. Religion transforms sacrifice, and the rending of a bleeding lamb becomes the offering of a contrite heart. Beauty and the Beast, Religion and Sacrifice, Nationalism and War—shall the fable still find an application?

On the old, ignored pathway to a forgotten victory, we may find here and there signposts that can help us find a way to peace.

TAMAR POOL.

What Is God?

Four of my most interesting correspondents ask this question at the same time. But no human mind can answer it. A complete answer would be possible only to an intelligence who should stand on the side-lines of eternity and contemplate the work of Infinity from its own level. It can be attempted only by those so far below this level as not to realize that Infinity exists. None of us humans have terms to frame our loftiest thought. We must use always human language limited to our own experiences. There is nothing in the universe more evident than its cosmic order. But this order is co-existent with Cosmos, the Universe. "We find no trace of a beginning nor prospect of an end." We cannot conceive of cosmic order as existing without intelligence and meaning. For this, in whatever guise it may appear, we use the name of "God." Some venture on other terms, but names alone do not yield knowledge.

To describe Infinity is to circumscribe it, and no limits can be drawn about Infinity. To try to do so marks the narrow range of our conceptions. Such human phrases as plan, purpose, personality, have no meaning in infinity. Even the human virtues, that is, the methods by which human life may become happy or effective, can be ascribed to infinity only through their relation to inescapable order. We know that all short-cuts to happiness, involved in cheap pleasures following cheap temptations, bring no permanent joys. The way to life's meaning, a human phrase, and to the happiness which makes it worth while, is austere and uncompromising. It illustrates in all its phases "the goodness and severity of God." In all ages and climes there have been "lives made beautiful and sweet by self-devotion and by self-restraint," and that this is so may indicate an attribute of God. Some say "only an attribute of humanity," but who knows that this is not, in fact, the same thing.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER II

Autocrats from Asia

The officers at the head of the new department were at a loss to know how I had entered the Transvaal. They inquired of the Indians who used to go to them, but these could say nothing definite. The officers only ventured a guess that I might have succeeded in entering without permit on the strength of my old connection. If that was the case, I was liable to be arrested!

It is a general practice, on the termination of a big war, to invest the Government of the day with special powers for a time. This was the case in South Africa. The Government had passed a peace-preservation ordinance which provided that any one entering the Transvaal without a permit was liable to be arrested and imprisoned. The question of arresting me under this provision was mooted, but no one could summon courage enough to ask me to produce my permit.

The officers had of course sent telegrams to Durban and when they found that I had entered with a permit they were disappointed. But they were not the men to be defeated by such disappointment. Though I had succeeded in entering the Transvaal, they could still successfully prevent me from waiting on Mr. Chamberlain.

So the community was asked to submit names of the representatives who were to form the deputation. Color prejudice was of course in evidence everywhere in South Africa, but I was not prepared to find here the dirt and underhand dealing among officials that I was familiar with in India. In South Africa the public departments were maintained for the good of the people and were responsible to public opinion. Hence officials in charge had a sort of courtesy of manners and humility about them, and colored people also got the benefit of it more or less. With the coming of the officers from Asia, came also its autocracy, and the habits that the autocrats had imbibed there. In South Africa there was a kind of responsible government or democracy, whereas the commodity imported from Asia was autocracy pure and simple; for the Asiatics had no responsible government, there was a foreign power governing them. In South Africa the Europeans were settled emigrants. They had become South African citizens and had control on the departmental officers. But the autocrats from Asia now appeared on the scene, and the Indians in consequence found themselves between the devil and the deep sea.

I had a fair taste of this autocracy. I was first summoned to see the chief of the department, an officer from Ceylon. Lest I should appear to exaggerate when I say that I was "summoned" to see the chief, I shall make myself clear. No written order had been sent to me. Indian leaders had often to visit the Asiatic officers. Among these was the late Sheth Tyeb Haji Khan Mahomed. The chief of the office asked him who I was and why I had gone there.

"He is our adviser," said Tyeb Sheth, "and he has come here at our request."

"Then what are we here for? Have we not been appointed to protect you? What can Gandhi know of the conditions here?" asked the autocrat.

Tyeb Sheth answered the charge somehow. "Of course you are there. But Gandhi is our man. He knows our language and understands us. You are after all officials."

The Saheb ordered Tyeb Sheth to fetch me before him. I went to the Saheb in company with Tyeb Sheth and others. No seats were offered, we all kept standing.

"What brings you here?" said the Saheb addressing me.

"I have come here at the request of my Indian brethren to help them with my advice," I replied.

"But don't you know that you have no right to come here? The permit you hold was given you by mistake. You cannot be regarded as a domiciled Indian. You must go back. You shall not wait on Mr. Chamberlain. It is for the protection of the Indians here that the Asiatic Department has specially been created. Well, you may go." With this he bade me goodbye giving me no opportunity for a reply.

But he detained the other companions. He gave them a good scolding and advised them to send me back.

They returned chagrined and we were now confronted with an unexpected problem.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Dsai.)

Autumn-Time

The tulip tree and pin-oak—foliage thinned
By autumn storms—show every red wine cup
And tankard brimming and, while yielding up
Their yellow wealth and ruby flame, the wind
Spreads Persian rugs at foot of all the trees,
While flocks of busy grackles shower down
Ripe acorns, giving touches of rich brown
To mingle with the gold of meadow-seas.

O tulip tree and pin-oak! by and by,
In Life's brown autumn-time when tempests rage
I shall remember you and I shall try
To yield my wealth of color thus—to gauge
And pour those precious drops that I may dye
Rich flowered carpetings for silvered age.

MILLICENT DAVIS DILLEY.

For UNITY.

The Study Table

Upton Sinclair

Isn't it about time for America to recognize, as the rest of the world has long since recognized, the greatness of Upton Sinclair as a novelist? It was Sinclair's fortune and misfortune to become famous as the writer of a book which riveted public attention on its sensational exposure of a social evil rather than on its own superlative merits as a work of fiction. "The Jungle" came to be known as a kind of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with no recognition of the fact that the former work had literary claims to which the latter made and could make no pretension. Sinclair's own intense interest in political and economic questions, and his radicalism of opinion, combined with a literary genius which made him in the field of social reform incomparably the greatest pamphleteer of our time, perhaps the greatest pamphleteer our world has known since Thomas Paine, all tended to create an impression which in the end quite obscured his position as one of the great literary figures of the present age. Sinclair himself aggravated the situation by writing stories which were more propaganda than they were literature. Furthermore, Upton Sinclair fell upon an age which witnessed a decisive movement away from the type of novel of which he was the supreme master. This novelist stems from Fielding and Dickens and Kingsley and Reade, with Zola perhaps as the most immediate and effective influence. The sociological approach to fiction, so gloriously exemplified by these and others of the great tradition, has in our time almost entirely given way to the psychological approach. Our authors today are predominantly interested not in society but in souls, not in outward conditions but in inward sensations. Even Wells is concerned primarily with ideas, and Sinclair Lewis with individual phenomena as the personal quintessence of an age and of a place. A passionate conviction against specific social wrongs, with the story as the illumination of this conviction, is no longer in style, indeed is decidedly bad form. Add to all these facts the further fact that Upton Sinclair has never played in with the New York school of critics who now dominate correct literary opinion in America, and the reason for the misjudgment of this man is obvious.

But none of this has availed to hide Upton Sinclair from European acclaim, which focuses upon him as the greatest American novelist of our age; and none of it will avail, we venture to prophesy, to hide him from the acclaim of the future in his own country. The author of "The Jungle," of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," of "Jimmie Higgins," and of other notable works, is in the great tradition, as we have said. He has a factual knowledge, a spirit of flame and passion, a sweeping vision and grasp of detail, a dramatic genius, and a sheer competency of literary workmanship, which stamp him as a master. Roll Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell, and Ben Hecht into one, then add D. H. Lawrence for good measure, and altogether you would have less of a fictionist, in the great classic sense of the word, than Upton Sinclair all by himself.

If any final evidence of this truth were needed, we have it in the latest of the Sinclair novels, entitled "Oil."* This is a book to thrill the heart with the discovery that great literature is not dead. It is a stupendous piece of work—"tremendous," to quote the word of Johan Smertenko in the *Nation*. At the heart of the tale lies the oil industry of California—an industry, by the way, which Sinclair has mastered with as marvellous a degree of virtuosity as he displayed years ago in his mastery of the packing industry of Chicago. Around this central interest are clustered a dazzling array of other interests characteristic of life in America in this first part of the twentieth century—politics, society, the labor problem, civil rights, the Great War, the "movie" industry and life at Hollywood and elsewhere, religious revivals, big business, the radio, the state of morals, public and private, etc., etc. What we have is an overwhelming depiction of contemporary society in these United States—overwhelming in its cumulative wealth of detail, its vividness of portrayal, and its massing, like instruments in an orchestra, to an evermounting climax of effect. Against this background, and then interwoven through it like myriad threads in an infinitely complicated yet perfectly ordered pattern, are placed dozens of characters, more or less important, all sharply individualistic and realistically human. Central among them all are J. Arnold Ross, the oil magnate, and his son, Bunny. Surrounding them are oil operators, small land owners in the oil fields, politicians, farmers, religious fanatics, "flappers" male and female, laborers, labor leaders, Socialists and Communists, "movie" stars and directors, theatre managers and owners, newspaper men, college presidents and students, liberal and radical reformers, alien immigrants and their native-born children, kept women and common harlots, vagabonds, beggars, and leaders of high finance. It is an amazing panorama. It reminds inevitably of Dickens. A hundred years hence the life of America today could be reproduced from this book, as the life of England a century ago can be reproduced from "Pickwick Papers."

Sinclair has made everything, apparently, contribute to his story. Harding and Coolidge are in it, and so are Fall and Daugherty. Teapot Dome contributes its chapter, and so do the University of Southern California, and Hollywood, and Los Angeles. Aimee McPherson is here, and Doheny, and Harry Sinclair, and Anita Whitney, and many a famous "movie" star. The Great War stalks across its pages, the Russian Revolution throws its lurid red upon the scene, and the whole history of California oppression and the fight for civil rights is set down in living drama. New York comes upon the stage in due course, and Canada, and Europe after the War. The variety of scene and incident and character, all hitched up to the life of our times, is almost paralyzing. But the story never falters or loses interest; the characters never become types or puppets. Mastering his stupendous array of material, Sinclair has woven it into a fable which marches with dramatic response and wealth of incident to a climax at the end which shakes the soul. "Oil" is a great book. It is Upton Sinclair at his best. We cannot imagine this masterpiece not being widely read and permanently remembered.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Oil," by Upton Sinclair. Published by Charles and Albert Boni, New York.

Correspondence

What Kind of Anarchists Were Sacco and Vanzetti?

To the Editor:

I read with interest and quite general approval your editorial expression on the Sacco and Vanzetti case. I also find the letters of approval and condemnation you publish interesting reading. This case will probably be a fruitful subject for writers for some time to come and undoubtedly will have salutary effect upon American jurisprudence. It certainly should help do away with capital punishment in the United States.

I notice that you and other popular editors use the term anarchist without indicating the kind you have in mind. If you consult Webster's dictionary you will find two kinds of anarchists there defined, that differ as night and day. Also if you scan pages of ancient and modern history, you will find that many heroic and honored men and women (according to present day standards of ethics) have been denounced as traitors and anarchists, persecuted and executed, because by precept and example they attempted to persuade their fellow men to choose a nobler image for the sanctuary and to live together in unity, peace and concord.

I am satisfied that you and host of others, who have espoused the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, do not defend or apologize for violence of any kind, in your efforts to better the existing social order. Socrates was given the hemlock because the oracles feared his talking would undermine their theology and belittle the Gods of Mt. Olympus, in the minds of the ignorant and stupid multitude. Jesus offended high priests and money changers, but did not carry a sword nor incite his followers to rebellion against the Roman government nor the ordinances established by leaders of Israel. He "came not to destroy the law and the prophets but to fulfill" and attempted by mild persuasion to substitute the old law "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" by the commandment that "ye love one another."

Quakers live up to their convictions that the commandment "thou shalt not kill" applies to government as well as to individuals. For 1900 years other professed and orthodox Christians have killed each other, quite persuaded that the apostles would have done as they did. Tolstoy was denounced as an anarchist by the priest-supported infamous government of the Czar of Russia, because he went among the peasants urging them not to accept military service, and to suffer imprisonment or death rather than to take part in human slaughter. He never was known to advise the down-trodden, cruelly exploited peasants to resort to revenge.

I have read statements in metropolitan papers, shamefully accusing Jane Addams of being an anarchist because she has heroically championed the cause of the poor and helpless foreigners bewildered by the maddening maze of things that surrounds them in the slum districts of Chicago.

There are plainly two kinds of so-called reds or anarchists which I believe writers should keep in mind and plainly indicate when they apply that term.

Concerning the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti I have formed no fixed opinion; however I am altogether opposed to capital punishment and believe that judge and jurors, where the evidence raises a shadow of doubt as to the guilt of the accused, should err on the side of mercy. To what type of anarchist Sacco and Vanzetti belong I cannot decide, however a revolver was among the exhibits offered by the prosecution at the trial, and I am sure that no Christian communist nor philosophical anarchist will ever be found carrying or wielding a sword or gun.

(Dr.) A. M. Benson.

Hartford, Wis.

Sacco-Vanzetti—and Feeling Abroad

Editor of Unity:

Congratulations upon your fine brave editorial regarding the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti; also to Brent Dow Allinson on his poem.

The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was indeed a terrible national calamity. As Madame Rolland said of the execution of Louis XVI, "It has divided the nation's friends and united its enemies." There is tremendous significance in the words of *El Universal*—"The execution of these two men adds another stone to the edifice of dislike which the entire world has developed for the United States."

This mob hatred of everything American is very foolish, I am tempted to say, criminally foolish. The execution was not the act of the American people but of that element in American life that is dominated by an intense class prejudice and by a blinding fear of forces that it feels are getting too strong for it. It is the same element that gave us the Know-Nothings, the mobs that hounded and killed abolitionists, the A. P. A. and the Ku Kluxers. As I said, I have been tempted to call the European and South American attacks upon our embassies, and business houses criminally foolish, but, after maturer thought, I conclude that they are humanly foolish, very humanly foolish—just like our treatment of the Germans in our midst when we took an intense dislike to the Kaiser, and not half so foolish as when we made war on the German language, on German classics, on German art and music, and even on Germany's mighty dead, because our government had gone to war with the German government. "Human, human, all too human!"

We are paying a terrible price for our rich self-sufficiency. We are becoming poor in the veneration, the trust, and the love of the rest of mankind. Cannot the best of our American idealism now assert itself and make use of this unfortunate occurrence to win back some of the things of the spirit which we have lost? Is not this a good time for us to begin a crusade for the abolition of that relic of barbarism, capital punishment, in every state of the Union? It can be done and this is the time to begin it.

Ernest M. Whitesmith.

Eugene, Oregon.

Canutism

Editor of Unity:

I liked Mr. Robinson's quotation from Dean Martin's book: "A crowd is a device for indulging ourselves in a kind of temporary insanity by all going crazy together." Unfortunately, this device is resorted to not merely by Holy Rollers and other religious or political fanatics, but occasionally by people with perfectly laudable and practicable aims. Such an aim I firmly believe to be the abolition of war, but surely the idea of accomplishing it by legislative decree indicates a somewhat pathological state of mind. How otherwise than through the development of a sort of mob insanity can intelligent men and women become oblivious to the fact that a state of public opinion which would make possible the adoption of Senator Frazer's constitutional amendment would make the amendment itself totally superfluous? War is possible only because there is no widespread and deep-rooted opposition to it among the masses of the people. Develop such an opposition and you won't have to bother with constitutional amendments or any other legislative monkey-business.

When I say there is no really strong opposition to war among the masses I know what I am talking about, for I am one of the masses (a farmer). So far as the possible combatants are concerned, to all who have had no taste of the real thing, war is a sort of picnic whose hardships and hazards are compensated by excitement and glory. Every healthy young man believes in his star and that he would emerge from a war with all his essential organs intact, a fund of more or less true personal-experience stories to last a lifetime, and a nice little bonus or pension. This willingness to fight almost any sort of a war that the directing classes may see fit to declare is a condition which can be changed only by the slow transformation of the young male of the species from a virile barbarian into something either less virile or less barbarous. But there is another and politically much more important condition making for war which would yield much more readily to social action.

It would lead one into the higher economics to explain why it is that a war means immediate good times not merely for the munition makers but for almost everybody. But there is no disputing the fact. While the fact remains, humanitarian opposition to war can never hope to secure more than polite acquiescence. Going over my acquaintance among fairly typical farmers I can think of none so callous as to advocate war for selfish reasons, but also of none who would become really indignant at the declaration of, no matter how unjust,

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

AN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

The International Polytechnical University is a California corporation. Its purpose and program are purely educational, but educational in all the reach and reality of the new approach to education. It is education for the every-day life, and *thru* the every-day life which is here in view.

Formally organized three years ago, by men who have been moving toward such endeavor for a lifetime, the founders believe that they have now secured an exceptionally favorable site, equipment, and opportunity for the carrying out of the best ideals in the new education, and are prepared therefore to make public announcement of their undertaking and to invite co-operation in it on the part of men and women everywhere who have educational interest and understanding. So far, the work has been done with no effort after publicity, at the expense of the founders and their immediate friends, and mainly by way of seeking for conditions favorable to success.

It is recognized by leading educators everywhere, especially by those who want to see education and the day's work and life's common business more closely allied, that Russia presents a peculiarly inviting field for carrying on the new education. Accordingly the International Polytechnical University, through the Educational Department of the Soviet Republic, has secured a concession of extraordinary value and availability. This was formerly known as "The Paradise of the Dnieper," and was one of the best known monastic establishments of Old Russia. It is situated in the Ukraine, in southern Russia, about one hundred miles above the great city of Odessa on the Black Sea. The climate in the neighborhood of the concession is about like that of Northern Virginia or of southern New Jersey. The soil is rich, the supply of water abundant, and the fact that the great electrical project now being carried out under the auspices of the Soviet Government, with the advisory co-operation of Col. Hugh L. Cooper of New York City, is but a hundred miles to the north assures easy access to what is expected to be the cheapest electrical power in the world. There are ten thousand acres of land in the concession, seven thousand under cultivation, the rest island meadowland particularly promising for truck gardening. Besides the great market which Odessa provides, with inexpensive transportation thereto, a considerable mining population is in the near neighborhood, and in the same vicinity one of the most remarkable agricultural colonization programs to be found anywhere is under way.

Valuable as the land concession is, and exceptionally favorable as is the location, the equipment ready for immediate use is a not less important factor. Eighty-three buildings, many of them of exceeding beauty and value, are available for occupancy and service as soon as the school opens. These are easily adaptable to use as dormitory buildings, library and assembly halls, an entire block of enclosed shops, farm buildings conveniently located for the workers, two terracotta factories, needing some repairs, but utilizable quickly for building service, pipelines covering two miles and a half or more and sufficient to care for ten thousand people, it is claimed, electrical station and connections, a steam-heating plant, and much else which need not be detailed here.

It is estimated the cost of the equipment at the time it was put in was no less than two million dollars and that it would cost not less than five or six million dollars to install it now. The project is, as already indicated, altogether educational. There are one hundred and twenty million peasants within the area of the Soviet Republic. These farmers are open to the introduction of education, both liberal and industrial, as never before. But education, whether academic or industrial, is beyond them unless they can be given the opportunity to support themselves while their education is under way. This the International Polytechnical University will enable them to do, and by its program of so organizing effort as to provide for short hours of labor with alternating periods of laboratory and study work will accomplish the further object, which is at the very heart of the new educational program, of making the ordinary business of getting a living and contributing to the world's wealth itself the means both of the cultural and practical training which men need.

In a word the following is a fundamental principle of the I. P. U. Utilizing to the utmost the latest American technique, the advanced methods of organization, the application of power machinery both in extensive and intensive farming the I. P. U. is endeavoring so to co-ordinate the two vital processes of production and education as to render them organically supplementary. By co-operatively working the land and its products part of the time the student body will not only work out their own living, but will have before them the practical object lesson so needful to fructify their theoretical studies in which they are engaged the other portion of their time. This method of co-ordinating work and study bids fair on the one hand to produce most economically the efficient worker and organizer of production and on the other hand to render higher education as generally possible as it is universally desirable.

By the terms of the agreement on which the concession is granted the school will begin actual operation about October 1, 1927. It is hoped to begin with a hundred students, and to add about an equal number from year to year until full capacity is reached. Students are already waiting eagerly for this opportunity, and the difficulty will be not to secure abundance and good material for the training to be given, but to measure up to the demand. Further information as to any items not covered here, or in fuller explanation of what has been said, will be given gladly to whoever is interested with us in this work. The founders will welcome the chance to

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a war. It is a bitter pill for the pacifists, but one which they may as well swallow now as ever, that while man remains an economic animal he is not going to get really mad at anything that puts an immediate dollar in his pocket, even though it be possible to show that ultimately he must lose the dollar. Now war can never be done away with until people get really mad at it.

After all, King Canute was not wholly in the wrong. To stay the tide is not an impossibility. The king's error lay in placing undue confidence in legalistic means. And just as the tide can be controlled by properly directed engineering effort, so the surge of human passion and interest resulting in war can be mastered by intelligent social action. But both these great natural forces laugh heartily at mere royal or legislative decree.

Opponents of war must abandon canutism. If they wish to achieve anything objective, anything more than a glow of virtuous insanity in their own minds, they must quit fooling with congresses and parliaments, and address themselves to the enormously difficult but not quite impossible task of producing an economic structure where war will have its natural effect of bringing *immediate* hardship and loss to the common man.

F. H. Foote.

East Jordan, Michigan.

Postage Stamps in Germany

Editor of Unity:

I find here in Germany that for a year they have been printing portraits of Goethe and Schiller on their postage stamps, one on one denomination and one on another. It is a fine little exhibition of the German idealism, the idealism of the same sort that impelled the representatives of the new German republic to choose Weimar, the home of Goethe and Schiller, as the place of the convention for framing their constitution. The world is not yet in the habit of putting its poets to this popular and honorable service. Shakespeare and Milton have not yet been suggested for the postage stamps in England, nor Emerson and Longfellow in America.

Leipzig, Germany. Edwin D. Mead.

Why?

Editor of Unity:

If Governor Smith of New York be such a loyal supporter of our public schools, why did he, while a member of the Assembly, introduce into that legislative body a resolution seeking to divert a portion of the public school funds for the support of the Roman Catholic parish schools?

Milton Newberry Frantz.

Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

tell you more about the enterprise, its plant, its program, and its actual working, and would especially like to communicate with as many as are interested before the University is formally opened. Requests for interviews or for information by letter and printed matter should be addressed to The International Polytechnical University, Room 609, Brockman Building, Los Angeles, California.

TWO WOMEN VISIT THE SACCO-VANZETTI FAMILIES

Some weeks ago, during the hot August days, just ten days before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, two women hurried through Italy to the towns Villafalleto and Torremaggiore. These two women were bearing letters and messages from the two unhappy prisoners to their families in Italy.

One of the women, Mrs. Gertrude Winslow of Boston and a member of the W.I.L., had for a long time been interested in the two anarchists and knew them well. She sought some way to serve them and one day suggested that she visit their homes. The gratitude of the men was touching. They eagerly planned her trip. Said Vanzetti in a letter to her:

"Now, when you will reach my native home, just think to be at your own. You will be tired by the long trip and that is a good place to rest and restor . . . My sister will be happy to have you there. They love all who help us. So please just think to be at home.

"Well, I wish you a good trip and I will accompany you in thought and good wishes. I am not too optimistic in the case outcome, and I see the possibility to be unable to see you and greet you on your return . . . I don't see neither justice nor good ahead: the forces of darkness and tyranny are rapidly striding to our doom.

"But be of brave heart and please tell to my one all what you have in your heart.

"With great heart yours,
"Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

So Mrs. Winslow journeyed to London. There she was met by Mrs. S. K. Ratcliffe, another member of the W.I.L., and together they went to the childhood homes of the doomed men.

Vanzetti's home was a little wine merchant's shop, stone flagged and neat. The older sister greeted the visitors, for the younger had hurried to Boston to see her brother. The sister's face was lined with her constant tears. The aged father was losing his grasp upon life, but their belief in and love for the son was absolute.

After a day spent in words of comfort and explanation the two women hurried on to Sacco's home. This was much more pretentious. The father was a man of standing, an ex-mayor and respected for his character as well as for a Fiat auto-car. Sacco's letter was received and read. Here, too, the family showed entire belief and trust in the son though disagreeing with his doctrines. The journey of these women was a wonderful errand of love and mercy but a tragic one. As one of them said:

"Never will our departure be forgotten. To walk through a living lane of women and children and to read in their faces the affection and compassion that the town felt for the Sacco family, to hear their farewells, to try in vain to check one's own tears, to look back with a last attempt to carve on one's memory for ever this wonderful manifestation—then the final embraces of the Sacco family and Torremaggiore was left behind like a dream."

—Pax International.

India.—*The International Fellowship Movement* in India has gained new impetus by the Conference held at Pulmaner in October last year, when the formation of a Federation of local fellowships was finally completed, including groups at Madras, Chittoor, Jalarpet, Bombay, Ranipet, Calcutta and Agra. Since the Conference, Mahatma Gandhi has become a member of the Federation Council. Perhaps the most interesting outcome of the Conference was the realization that the Fellowship movement has a special contribution to make toward the solution of communal difficulties. A member of the conference writes in the *News Sheet* of the movement: "The work of the Fellowship in India tends to become more and more inter-communal and not so much international. It will be the business of the Fellowship to tackle all things that divide, such as 'untouchability,' and human injustice in whatever form it appear. Thus child welfare and labor problems would come under its purview. . . . Without the International Fellowship, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, at the present time for a company of Brahmins and non-Brahmins to meet and discuss their differences, and to separate without having aggravated those difficulties. . . . By calling all communities into a Fellowship such as ours, we can give them the fullest help and cooperation. . . . This leads me to suggest that a better name for our organization would be something equivalent in meaning to 'The Fellowship of Reconciliation.' . . . And then the name . . . gives a better indication of the religious spirit which permeates the Fellowship. If wounds are to be probed and differences discussed with some penetration of thought, all members must have the spirit of the sincere seeker after Truth, and a magnanimity that can bear with slights and hasty words, and that seeks to overcome evil with good."

OCTOBER

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